

Volume 1

Number 6

CHANGING

June 1974



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

JUN 24 1974

LIBRARY

"It'll Never Work, George!!"

TIMES

Wistfully Dedicated To The June Brides

Written, Edited and Produced by inmates, CHANGING TIMES is intended to act as a medium to bring about a better and lasting understanding among inmates - at the same time being an instrument of communication with the residents of the outside world.

Permission for reuse of any or all material is hopefully encouraged. Our only requisite is that credit be given.

Unsolicited contributions will be more than welcome. We regret we cannot guarantee the return of manuscripts - even though we will make every effort to do so if requested.

Subscriptions are available at the low cost of \$2.00 a year. Write us at this address:

CHANGING TIMES
P.O. Box 22
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4V7

CHANGING TIMES is published monthly by the Library Staff at The Regional Reception Centre, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Opinions expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent those of The Department, The Editor or The Administration.

By Permission Of

J.D. Clark
Director

Liaison Officer

M.R. Clarke
Librarian

Inmate Editor

Bob



Our "Live Wire" Editor!

FAST BUCK

Bill had not been out of prison more than a few hours before he was heading down the street in the residential section of town, looking the houses over trying to choose just the right one on which to try his new scheme - a scheme which he frequently assured himself was a work of pure genius.

He remembered those long hours he had lain awake, in his cell, searching for a new and better way to get money; a way not involving work or the loss of his freedom.

When the great solution finally came to him it was a gem of simplicity. He could not understand why he had not thought of it sooner. Nevertheless, he had sweated plenty, working out the last detail before he was satisfied. Now he was thinking, there is one thing left to do - give it a test in practice. Right then he saw the exact house that he had pictured in his mind. He turned in at the walk.

The door opened in response to his ring and he was confronted by a tall, buxom woman of uncertain years. Her face appeared unsympathetic and cold. Her eyes looked him over suspiciously.

"Yes, what is it?" she asked.

For a moment Bill was disconcerted and hardly knew how to start, but, remembering his carefully laid plans he began impressively.

"Madam! Please forgive me but I have an unusual and rather difficult appeal to make. I find it quite embarrassing. You see, I am an ex-convict (he made this frank confession in the hope of gaining her immediate interest) As a matter of fact, I just got released from Kingston yesterday," he continued - speaking out of the corner of his mouth

to lend a Hollywood touch to his act.

"Indeed!" the woman remarked in a standoffish manner, "and now you are looking for a handout I suppose?"



"No, madam; I had intended to rob your house. Oh!, you need not be afraid - I'm not going to do it now. You see, Madam, I got thinking to myself - 'Bill, you don't need to rob this house. All you have to do is go right up and ask them to help you, and they will. Don't they have to pay taxes to convict you, sentence you to prison and to keep you there? Surely these good people would just as soon give a little now and save the expense of sending you back to suffering and ruin!'"

"You poor soul," the woman said. "You come right in here and I'll fix you a bite to eat. I'm sure I have some money in my purse," she added.

Bill walked into the house, well pleased with the success of his well planned scheme. This idea was sure to have unlimited possibilities. Any man was a sucker to steal.

"Now, you sit right here," she

invited, pouring him a cup of coffee from the silver pot on the low table in front of the fireplace. "I'll go get my purse."

Bill sat back in his chair and sipped his coffee. "She'll be good for twenty bucks," he thought to himself.

Meanwhile, the woman slipped into the hall, locked the door, quickly picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Eighth precinct; Inspector Carter here," a resonant voice said.

"John," she said, when she heard her husband's voice, "you had better come to the house right away and bring a couple of your men with you. I've got some kind of a nut locked in the front room!"

STOPS



With the appointment of Lou. Vigna as Commissioner, the K.P. Softball League is about to get underway after an absence of quite some time.

An All Star team will be picked from the entire institution and will play a series of games with outside teams.

Umpires and scorekeepers are desperately needed to ensure the success of the Summer season. If you have talent along these lines, or have some interest, give your names to the Recreation Department.

As of this writing, the schedules for the Inter-Mural League is not as yet complete, but it will be posted on the Living Unit bulletin boards when it is ready.

Now that we have a league going once again and an Inmate Committee, in the persons of John Cote and Orv. Myers, going "to bat" for us, let's get out and give it a little support. We've been without long enough!

Special

ESSEX DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL INVADES K.P.!

The exhuberance of youth! Talent! Bottle Collections! Walkathons!

Those four subjects, at first glance, would seem to have little, if anything, in common. Let me collate just a little and explain how those four facets gave us an afternoon of top flight entertainment.

On Monday, May 27th. a bus pulled up to the North Gate and disgorged about 60 talented young people from the Essex District High School. Very business like, a machinery of movement went into force as equipment was transferred to the Recreation Building, set up and was then put to use as we heard about an hour's entertainment that left little to be desired.

Under the very capable leadership of Mr. K.B. Masterson, this group of young men and women showed the result of many hours of practice. The showmanship, coordination and all round talent left all of us with a feeling of satisfaction.

Was it truly a professional performance? Of course not! How could people of such tender years be expected to have that magic ingredient that comes only as a result of years of training? But I will say one thing - they were just about the most "professional" amateurs I have heard in a long time.

After an opening rendition of "Easy Days, Easy Nights", which displayed some exceedingly fine close harmony, they presented "Morning Has Broken", a Cat Stevens number calling for fine intonation.

The first solo spot brought out a little bundle of dynamite, Marian Horne, doing "Wouldn't It Be Luvly?". This curly-headed cutie brought down rounds of applause.



Marian is, I would guess, an "old woman" of about seventeen years but she displayed mannerisms and stage presentation of one many years her senior. In the "cockney" attire associated with this number, Miss Horne displayed such a "nut like" tonal quality - and then, without taking a breath, blew the first four rows back into the smoking loges with a raucous obligato. A talented young woman and an absolute delight to speak with.

Any time you have a group within a group, you have to be a winner.

"The Nine Teens" brought everyone to their feet with a swinging version of "You're Sixteen".

Composed of six vocalists, two cute dancers and a drummer (Marian: who else? this group showed that age has no large barriers when it comes to nostalgia. A blend of voices that displayed an inner feeling of enjoyment for their work, two "swingin' chicks" who had all the steps that were "the thing" in those days down to perfection and a drummer who kept a steady, but unobtrusive, beat, The Nine Teens deserved all the accolades.

Sorry I didn't get all your names, kids, but to each and everyone of you - congratulations.



Just to show that "women's lib" is not taking over completely, John Ferguson came on with a rich tenor voice on

"Colour My World".

Supported by the choir and the nice tones of Mr. Masterson and his trumpet (how about that "clinker, K.B.?) John's delivery showed the signs of talent that will soon prove itself.

The entire group then cut loose on "'round and 'round" which, once more let us hear just what good teaching can do. "Did I Ever Really Live" and "Harmony" only proved a substantiation.

All in all, this was more than just an afternoon's entertainment. Rather, it was an afternoon's enjoyment. Granted, we are a "captive" audience and have not too many chances to hear a "live" group; but we are also a tough audience! If we do not like something, we usually let it be known. In retrospect, if we like something, we also make that known. I think the rounds of applause that this group received would testify to our feelings.

The Town Of Essex can be proud of these youngsters. We have a tendency to put all teen-agers into a conglomerate - which is so wrong. We read, daily, of young people getting into trouble and who end up in places such as this. How often do we read of the rest? Not too often!

Our congratulations to the Principal, George Alles, his staff and Mr. Masterson. The training these young people receive at school (and no doubt at home) shows in the behaviour of this group.

Hurry back, kids!

APOLOGY

The inner workings of Prison policies sometimes make it an impossibility to get things done just when you are supposed to.

I apologize for being late with this issue and accept SOME of the blame. I'll try harder (and I'm not even "second best!").

6

CHITCHAT

Can you think of a more deserving guy to win an "Emmy" than Hal Holbrook, for his performance in "Pueblo"? It was a masterpiece. His series on Abraham Lincoln will be just as palatable.....Speaking of the Emmys, Oscars, Grammys, etc. - wouldn't it be nice to have someone get up and say that THEY did all the work and that THEY felt THEY DESERVED THE AWARD!! Some of those pussyfooting types thanked everyone from the gynecologist right up to their family butcher!.....FLASH! The Library Department has a complete set of new books - with blank pages. These are for people who can't read! ...Sonny and Cher? Sonny has his series already set for the fall, so he's a winner. Cher will probably make it big in nightclubs and on records - BUT - she's going to miss that little greaseball more than most people think.....That Charlie Chaplin run on CBC is a welcome trip into nostalgia. Now, how about Laurel and Hardy (Special notice to Cliff Bowering!).....Will Bob Barker last as long on "The Price Is Right" as he did on "Truth Or Consequences"? He had the unbelievable record of seventeen yrs without missing a show!.....

THOUGHT Over the years I have heard the officers called "Dirty Screws", "Hacks", "Dummies" and a few other choice names. I have #&\$%# a few of them myself! But, as a sobering thought, it just came to me that it is these so-called "dummies" who head for home and their loved ones AFTER locking us "smart ones" in our steel apartments for the night! There must be a moral there somewhere!

I see where some Toronto critic "panned" Harry Belafonte for his "mundane" performance recently. He complained because the show contained "much of the old stuff". Would it have been Belafonte had it not contained this "old stuff"?.....Doesn't Don Rickles give you the impression he should be looking for some other type of work?... Music lost one of the best when "The Duke" recently passed away.....My favorite T.V. female? Kate Jackson of "The Rookies"..... To quote one of our local wits (who shall remain anonymous) " BE ALERT - WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE LERTS!"..... Nimmons 'n' Nine were a smash at a recent Kingston appearance. Why not? They are a fine group.....Welcome back, Lorraine Thompson. CBC missed you.....Who's got more class than Dinah Christie?.....Thanks to John Hancock, I hear that a Russian trainer of athletes has stipulated that his charges SHOULD NOT be deprived of sex while they are in training. "Five weeks is too long to be deprived of normal functions," he stated. How about FIVE YEARS, people?.....Even though I suppose we must admit that these summer reruns are a necessary evil, why do they have to rerun the reruns?.... Don't you really wish hockey was once again a SPORT instead of a BUSINESS?.....How can ANY seventeen year old be worth \$150,000.00 BEFORE he plays a pro game - even if he wore an ermine lined protective cup!.....Some of those "on the spot" coverages of news events leaves a whole lot to be desired from a photography angle..... Have you heard of Rowan and Martin lately?.....I think George Foreman will give Cassius Clay, Muhanned Ali (whatever) a severe case of "lockjaw"!.....Thanks to hours of research by "Erie Gardless" I have formed the conclusion that John Hancock+ John Owen =Glass. ...Whatever happened to Johnny Kelly?.....Lorne Cook will not only be missed by hockey; he will be missed by people....."The Brown Bomber", Joe Louis, still has that personal magnitude that draws people to him.....Stay lose, people - see you next month.

REHABILITATION!

The gate had closed ten years ago, ten long years before,
He'd left the world that free men know outside that steel-bound door;
But steady travelling by the clock had worn those years away,
Evenly spacing each tic-toc, 'til his time ran out today.

The trickling days had run to weeks and the weeks to months did climb,
And while these split in to year long creeks that joined the sea of time
He'd waited on this lonely isle where the walls were dikes built high,
Marooned, he'd waited all this while as ten long years passed by.

He could not believe the day was here, it was some demon's joke,
He clenched his fists in deadly fear that his dreams would end in smoke;
He'd dreamed before this self same dream and knew its ending well,
It would dissolve in the brassy scream of the piercing wake-up bell.

As if he'd died long years ago, the world had ceased to be,
The wine of life had ceased to flow since the day he'd last been free;
But hope had kept alive a spark that had beckoned come what may,
And he struggled through ten years of hell to this resurrection day.

The world would be changed, this much he knew, for nothing stays the same,
The thickest links of chain wear through, the strongest legs grow lame;
The stoutest walls become just dust, the highest trees must fall,
For the knife of time has a deadly thrust and in time it strikes us all.

Those nervous thoughts ran through his mind as he stood before the gate,
In this outer world what would he find and what would be his fate?
But, he never learned what lay outside, found no answer to his dread,
For, when at last the gate swung wide, the ten year man dropped dead!

"PARADISE"

Taking the gun from my brother's hand,
Telling him not to abuse the land;
Wildlife, abundant, for all to see,
Nature's way of charity.

Not for mankind to use as a shooting spree,
But only to walk and view the scenery;
Conserve our wildlife, that's your duty!
For our future family to see this beauty.

D.V.C.

P
O
E
T
R
Y

E

A P O L L O

S

Y

D

O

E

S

I

T

Sitting in a warm room on a beautiful afternoon and listening to a good looking woman "confess" her sordid past would hardly seem to be particularly exciting. However, to the members of Apollo AA Group, and guests, this exact thing proved to be most rewarding.

On Saturday, June 8th. the Officer's Mess was the scene of the "Apollo Open Meeting". With a total attendance of well into the forties, this meeting gave an opportunity for sharing and comradeship.

After an official greeting by the Chairman, John C., the meeting was opened with Charlie C. reading the Pre amp. Abbey O. then explained "How It Works" and gave The Twelve Steps.

The G.S.R., Joe S. arrived on the scene and presented the Guest Speaker, Lillian F. - and what a delight she proved to be!

"When I was approached to speak down here, I expected to be speaking at the Prison for Women. I don't know if I will be able to 'come across' to an all-male audience," she stated.

Take my word for it, Lil! You made it. Your words seem to be hanging around yet!

Formerly from N.B., this admitted alcoholic really laid it out for us. She did little to spare her own feelings with an all-out effort to bring us her message.

"My first husband was an

alcoholic, and died that way. It was a predictable thing, perhaps just as well because I no doubt would have killed him anyway!"

Lillian then went on with a tale of degradation so common to all alcoholics.

"My kids suffered through a good many years of my having to choose between a bottle of wine or a loaf of bread. The bread was always the loser!"

"I brought my life as low as a "human being" is able. The stress I place on those two words (human being) is almost pathetic, because I had ceased to be one."



Lillian then went on with a story of how she met Craig, how she became a member of A.A. and how fruitful her life has become.

"In closing," she went on -

T H E D E C I S I O N

10

As I heard footsteps approaching the darkened trailer, I knew in a few minutes the heartbeat of another day would accelerate. Slipping into my clothes, I could still feel the weight of yesterday's work.

Slowly, I proceeded to the "kitchen" trailer, one of six trailers nested in The Crow Forest, about one hundred miles West of Lethbridge, Alberta. Like most trailer camps, we had all the necessities for a decent living.

It was five minutes after eight when the work party finally left the camp. It was my turn to clean up and prepare dinner. As there really was little to do, I decided to take a walk to see how the other campers were and what they were up to.

When I arrived at the site, I noticed to my surprise that there was only one camper. Naturally, I was curious so I inched my way towards the tent. I wasn't half way there when I noticed a huge gash opening the tent from end to end.

There was food, bedding and utensils scattered over a widely spaced area. I knew right away what had happened....BEAR!!! I didn't stick around to find any clues.

When I got back to camp things were pretty much the same, so I continued to prepare lunch.

I wasn't settled down five minutes when I heard trucks approaching. Thinking it was the work gang on its return from the bush, I continued to prepare lunch.

"Excuse me, Sir! Is the boss around?"

Surprised by the deep and authoritative-sounding voice, I spun around - only to be confronted by two RCMP Officers, staring right at me!

Well, my heart almost stopped right there, but, maintaining some composure, I answered.

"No, he's not. Can I give him a message?"

"No thanks. We'll wait until he gets back," one answered.

Trembling and heartsunken, I started to set the table, trying to figure what they were here for.

Shortly after lunch, we were told that an elderly man - in his mid seventies had been hunting in the vicinity of Beaver Mines. Not knowing his sense of direction, he had fallen down a steep embankment, losing his .243 calibre rifle. It seemed a Forest Ranger had found the old man, but there was no evidence of the rifle.

Sheer intuition told me that we would soon be looking for that



11

It was a pleasant surprise to see them - and, something else!

The gun could easily have been laid aside by someone, but, by unanimous vote, it had been turned in. It was that vote that made our camp a more trustworthy and cheerful environment in which to live.

D.C.V.

[illegible]

EXPLANATION!

The June issue of CHANGING TIMES is all white because:

- *****

A " filler " in newspaper and magazine jargon is one or two lines at the bottom of a page - used to fill in empty spaces. It does not necessarily have to make sense. This is a filler!



Committee News

Some of you probably do not realize just how your Inmate Committee arrived at what it is today (if anything!)

Let us try and explain.

When the election was called, there was a total of five (count them) inmates ready and willing to "take the bull by the horns" and make the R.R.C. into the best little jail in Canada. Some horns; some bull!

One managed to get transferred to the balmy climes of Joyceville four days after his nomination. Two others could not "get involved" and another did not "have the time" due to promotions or demotions (I just forget which it was!). I guess the only thing he didn't have was devotion!

This sorry state of affairs left a grand total of ONE on your Committee. He is your present Chairman, Orv. Myers.

After trying in vain to get someone to stand for nomination, it was agreed that John Cote would be appointed as the second member. That was a wise choice!

We ran into the same thing when it came to Secretaries. They all backed off. That Millhaven scare seemed to be of almost epidemic proportions! However, we now have Dave V. doing the job and he is a decided asset.

One question I cannot answer, even to myself, is why so many inmates are so volatile in their condemnation of everything a Committee tries to do, yet they are the last ones who want to offer any opinions or get involved.

There are many things that we are not happy with and we hope we are able to do something about them.

One of the big complaints seems to be the extreme delay in getting orders processed for Hobbycraft.

This matter is being looked in to and, hopefully, will be remedied soon.

We hear complaints every day of the difficulties many are having trying to get Correspondence Courses underway.

As soon as the party directly responsible for this matter is available, it will be taken up and clarified.

There are so many daily complaints, some of them not fully justified, that we simply cannot get around to all of them. However, we are doing our best, and that should be good enough for anyone.

If you have any suggestions, bring them to us. We are only as strong, or as weak, as our support. BUT, we are unable to even try to do anything of a positive nature unless you make things known.

Orv. Myers - Committee Chairman

John Cote - Member

Dave V. - Secretary (Appointed)

1

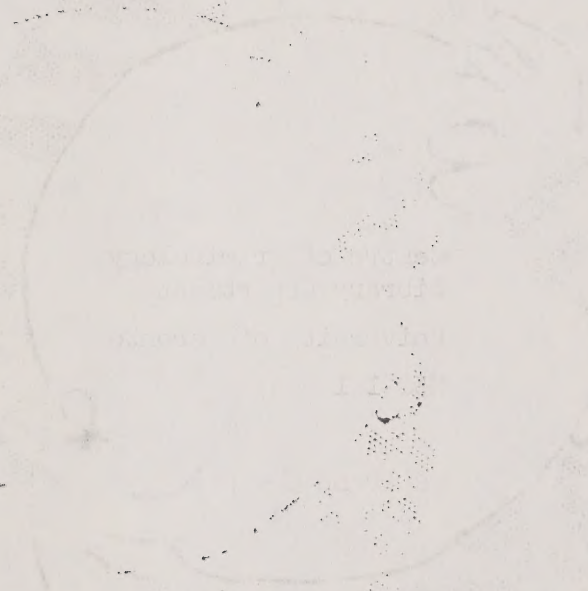
2

3

4

5

6



7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

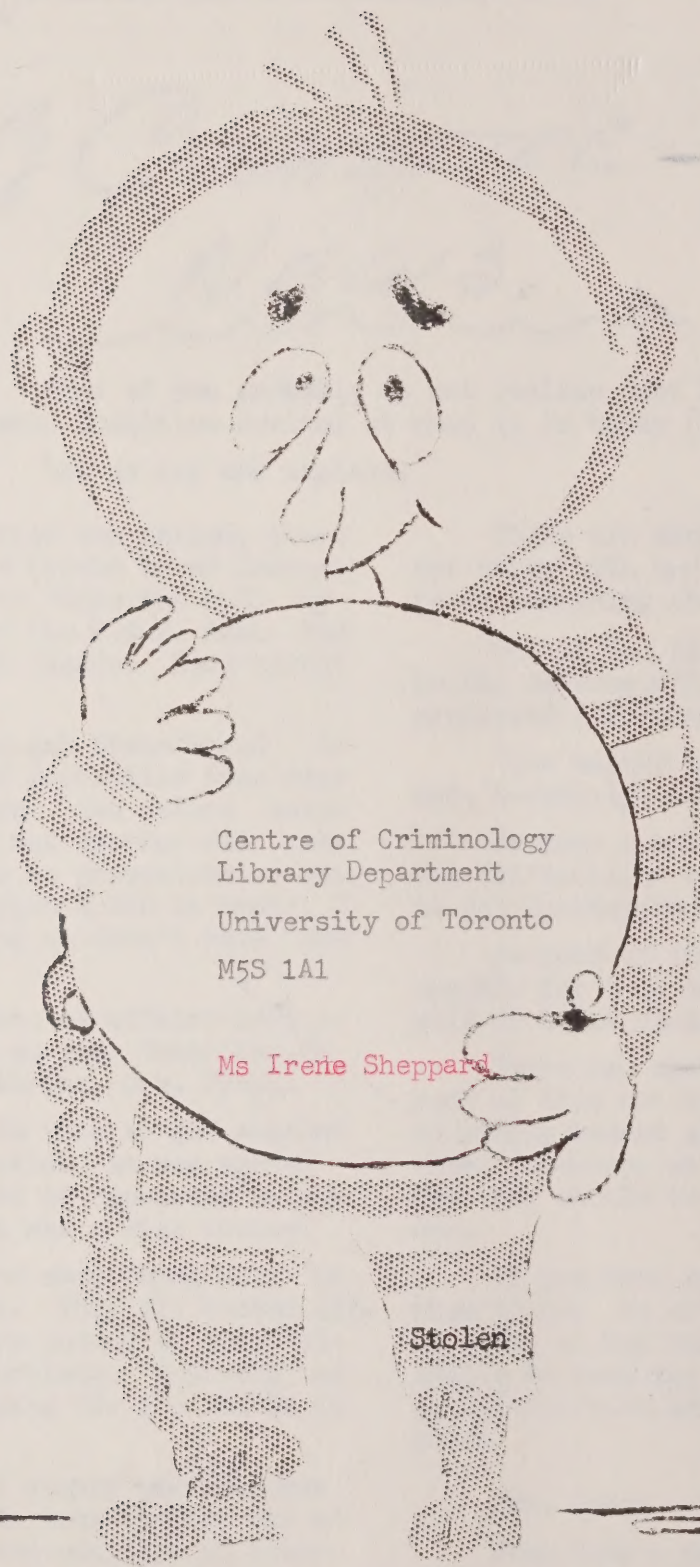
20

21

22

23

24



Centre of Criminology
Library Department
University of Toronto
M5S 1A1

Ms Irene Sheppard

Stolen

